

Truths About Japan

By Henry George, Jr.

NO. VIII.—THE CRISIS IN MAY.



THE Japanese Ministry, after a very narrow escape from censure by the Diet, following the resignation of Mr. Sakurai, Minister of Finance, passed its budget calling for further large expenditures on the Army and Navy, and increased taxation, the latter to fall chiefly upon sugar, kerosene and tobacco.

But this is really only a truce. The real fight over the future financial policy will come in May with the general election for members of the Diet. It is very evident that the campaign will be very lively, as when the elements lined up for the vote on the question of confidence, the Government forces won by the "skin of its teeth"—only six votes.

As I have previously explained, Japan is very heavily taxed, that is to say, production is taxed, and prices are very high. The common man is complaining bitterly.

But the fear of Russia is still upon the nation. The general belief is that Russia will come back and try and reverse the results of the recent war. The Japanese do not believe her antagonist can do this within ten years, since that time will be required to fit herself with a new navy, reorganize and discipline her army and get her finances in order for the strain.

The Japanese military authorities say that Japan should keep on a war footing and lay out a large sum each year in warships. The civilian leaders say that ships built now will be antiquated ten years hence. They say cut down the war footing expenditures and prepare for great expenditures a few years later.

These two policies will struggle at the polls in May.

If high present expenditures shall win, the principle of protectionism will win, too, and Count Okuma's fears will be realized that the evil seeds of a tariff, introduced from the United States, would grow and produce trusts.

For the increased tax on sugar will foster the sugar interests in Formosa—part of Japan—where the industry has only recently begun in earnest.

It will foster the oil interests, as against the competition of the American Standard Oil. Japan yields an oil somewhat like the California petroleum, which in many respects is far below the oil of the Eastern United States. But the Japanese product can be made to serve the Japanese market if the American oil is kept out. That policy will give the home markets to the Japanese oil producers, who are a comparatively few men.

As to tobacco, the Government has a monopoly of cigarette-making and of the pipe-smoking grades. The effect of a higher tariff tax will be to put up the price of cigars, which are largely imported, and so the price of the tobacco the Government manufactures, incidentally fostering the growing of tobacco in Formosa and other of the Japanese islands.

It will be interesting to see what the heavily burdened common man will say about all this.

As has been pointed out, the landlords composing the House of Peers of the Diet have prevented a new assessment of the lands of the empire. Great cities have grown up during the past three decades, but the assessment remains the same as it was thirty years ago.

Showing some of the Japanese Treasury reports to President Lawson Purdy, of the New York City Tax Department, he concluded that the farming land of Japan is taxed out of all proportion to that of the town and city.

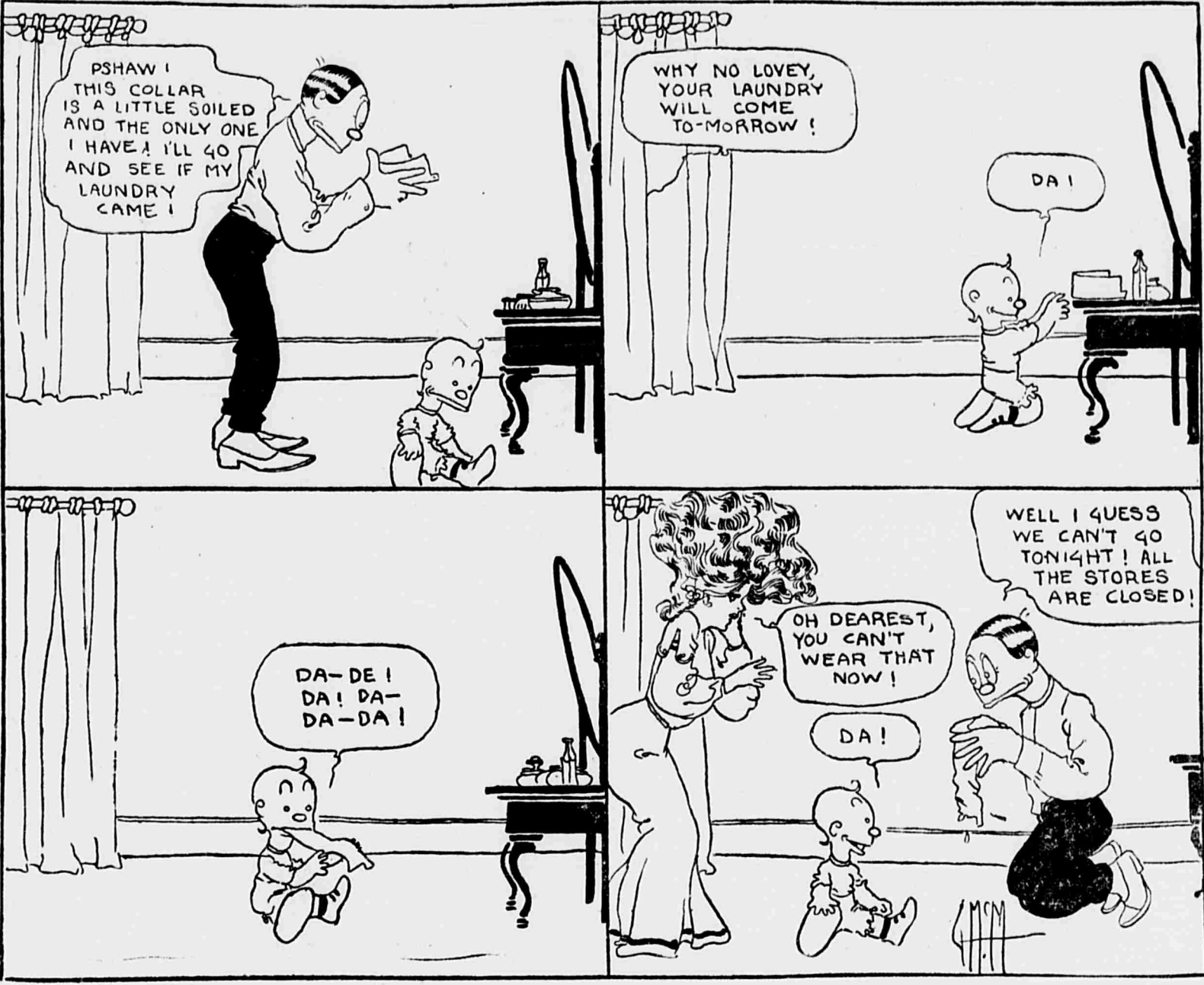
He calls attention to the fact that Greater New York's land value is more than \$25,000 per acre; Buffalo's (population, 400,000) is more than \$12,500; Birmingham's (population, 43,000) is more than \$1,500; and that of Oswego (population, 22,000, city dying and population stationary) is about \$3,500 an acre.

It would be absurd to suppose that Japan's town and city land values are as low as Oswego's; but even at that rate a three per cent tax (the Japanese tax rate appears to be higher) would yield \$102,000,000, as against \$43,000,000, which is Japan's total revenue from land and improvements.

It must be clear that the common man is terribly burdened, while the landlord class goes comparatively free, and there will not be cause for wonder if the common man should soon rebel.

The Newlyweds & Their Baby

By George McManus



Talks to Girls. The Difficulties That Beset Rachel When She Tried to Get Into Good Society.

By Gertrude Barnum.



Gertrude Barnum

WE were the Membership Committee of the Young Ladies' Social Improvement Club and a new girl had been proposed for membership.

"She's not in our set at all," protested the member with the lynx muff.

"We ought to be very careful to keep up our social standards," insisted the member with the coral collar.

"What's the matter with Rachel?" asked the member who had proposed her name.

"Why, you know well enough," replied the first girl. "To begin with, we are all American born and Rachel's a foreigner."

"So are Sarah Bernhardt and Adeline Patti."

"Don't be silly! Then Rachel never finished grammar school."

"She had to help support the family after her father died. Besides, she made it up at night school."

"Oh, night school! I suppose that's where she learned to do her hair—and her brother wears his pompadour."

Another girl sat up and began to take notice.

"Has she got a brother?" she inquired.

"A brother with pompadour hair and turn-down collars," replied the member with the lynx muff, scornfully. "We simply couldn't have her bringing him to the club."

"Besides, they say she's a crank about trade unions—a sort of walking delegate," added the girl with the coral collar.

Then my friend Edna spoke up:

"Will some one please tell me what's our social standard? Whose back yard do we play in? Where must we happen to be born? How shall we fix our brother's hair? I never heard such a mumbo-jumbo talk! And let me tell you about walking delegates—they stand for something. As for Rachel's brother, do you want to know who he is? He's first violin in the Seldier Theatre orchestra! Any one that can play the way he does can wear any kind of collar that's comfortable for all of us."

"Oh, is that who he is?" exclaimed the girl who began to take notice. "Musicians and artists always wear their hair queer. I'd just as lieve vote for Rachel."

"Of course, if the rest of you want them, I'm willing," added the girl with the coral collar, graciously.

As we walked home together after the committee meeting, Edna waxed eloquent.

"Social Improvement Club, indeed!" she cried, sarcastically. "If ever a club needed social improvement, ours is it! Wouldn't it be great to get into really good society?" She stood a moment looking up at the stars. "Not just dressed-up dolls, nor mean little schemers, but great big people that think things and do things—like the girls in Russia who are sacrificing their lives for the revolution. You'd have to be something and do something to belong to a set like that; but that's what I call GOOD SOCIETY!"

Health and Beauty.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

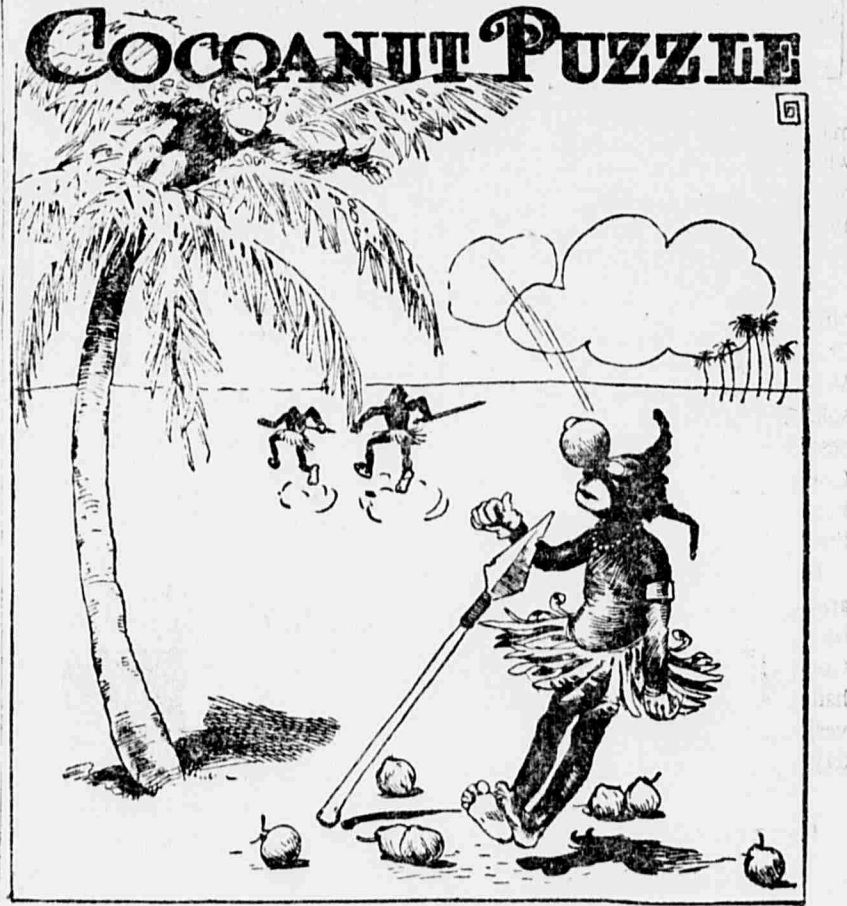
Arched Eyebrows. MRS. G.—Arched eyebrows are considered a mark of beauty, and if your baby has been so blest, instead of with the usual straight kind, you should certainly not try to change the shape. Train them gently with a little vaseline, and when he is older use a very soft camel's hair brush on them.

Hair and Eyes. L. DON W.—You cannot make light eyes dark, and the only way to darken red hair is to have it dyed by an expert. The usual hair stains are not adapted to red hair. It is, moreover, not wise to change red hair to any other shade. The complexion and eyes which harmonize with this color

of hair are not apt to look well with brown or black hair. Since you are a man and there are not many red-haired men, you should be satisfied to remain one of a distinctive and unusual type.

Camomile Tea Again. MRS. R.—Camomile tea gives light brown hair a reddish tinge. It is at the same time an excellent scalp tonic.

Moist Hair. L.—Try this formula, which is especially good in hot, muggy weather: 1-4 pint; violet ammonia, 1 dram; tincture camomile, 1 ounce; oil of bergamot, 1-2 dram; oil of rosemary, 1-2 dram. Agitate for ten minutes; then add 1-2 pint of camphor julep.



THE Zulu Chief found a coconut and foolishly threw it at the monkey. Said the monkey, as he lurked two in return, "I can't catch, but I am great on the pitch." Every time the Zulu threw one the monkey tossed back two.

Since all the cocoanuts can be seen in the picture, who can tell how many cocoanuts the Zulu had thrown when the artist snapped him?

(To Be Continued.)

Chapter V. of "THE MERRY WIDOW" will be found on another page of To-Day's Evening World

The New East Lynne. By Clara Morris.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Philip Keith, a clever, selfish young New York doctor, married Daphne May, a noted beauty. Other members of the household are Philip's grandniece, eccentric old Mrs. Keith, and his ward, Olive May. Olive secretly loves Philip. Daphne guesses this, and also knows that other women are trying to carry on love affairs with Philip. This knowledge makes Daphne miserable, as does the fact that Philip now seems to take her beauty for granted and to consider her less than of old. Stanley Belden, a three-year-old daughter, Daphne-May, and a baby son, Belden returns and renounces his attentions to Daphne. Philip arranged that Daphne should receive a foolish love letter written by Philip to another woman. Daphne is horrified at the revelation.

CHAPTER VIII.

Belden's Plot.

"S HALL faith be given to the faithless—loyalty for disloyalty?" Through three minds this one question was persistently ringing. Belden, feeling no shame for the baseness of his act in sending Daphne proof of what she had dimly suspected, of the infidelity of her husband, argued: "She is still so beautiful, has been so lovingly loyal, she must now shrink with horror from Dr. Keith's treachery. If I am patient I may catch her heart on the rebound. Like other women scorned she may turn the nearest available man into a weapon of revenge. Well, even that I'll welcome! I'll write her such a love note as may suggest the idea of revenging herself upon her husband through me—for where she is concerned I know no pride, no shame, no right, no wrong! I only want HER—long and thirst for HER! Even as that gentleman in hell longed for water!"

And his mind rang with the question, "Will she continue to give faith for unfaithfulness—loyalty for disloyalty? I hope not!" Yes, he passionately hoped not, with quickened breath and a heart that of late, under any excitement, labored like an engine on a heavy up-grade.

"Faith for Unfaith."

The Professor, taking heed of the regal beauty whose sad, proud mouth and violet-shadowed eyes had taken on a touch of brooding tragedy of late, and noting the mistaken attitude of quite comfortable indifference assumed

by the doctor—a humiliation in itself, the old man felt—asked himself anxiously:

"Will she—can she go on giving faith for unfaithfulness, loyalty for disloyalty? When I warn Philip that he is taking the wrong way he only answers, 'She has her children.' But can a woman of Daphne's brains and beauty sink utterly into being a child's nurse? Ah! whom the gods would destroy they first make mad! My grandson Philip is a fool—if he is not mad!"

Daphne, delicate-minded and tender-hearted, who had her husband been carried off his feet by youth and beauty, or some rarely winning charm hard to resist, would have made excuse for him, and possibly hidden her pain bravely and uncomplainingly, felt that in giving her a rival in the repellent person of that ancient and artificial frivol, Mrs. Allingham, he had added insult to desperate injury; had made her ridiculous in the eyes of the titling world. And as she moved listlessly through the duties of the day the horror of her shame grew ever stronger. Oftener and oftener she cried in her heart:

Strained Relations.

It was uncomfortable as unnatural, and no one felt it more than poor puzzled Daphne-May, who would at times gaze wistfully at the still, sad face of her adored, then dumbly press her cheek to her mother's in uncomprehending but most tender sympathy. And Daphne would catch the troubled little face between her soft hands and cover it with passionate kisses.

To-day, in some soft white woollen housecoat that fell in straight folds about her, a bunch of the yellow roses she loved at her breast, she sat in the depths of a dim old brocade chair, so plunged in reverie as not to heed the presence of the Daphne-worshipping pink cockatoo, who had clambered by aid of beak and claw to her shoulder and was nibbling the edge of her ear, and blissfully making that clicking noise that little Daphne-May called "kissings," and ever and anon raising her crest and lifting her feathers, while she closed her eyes and bowed her head, waiting for the absent-minded

movement of her mistress's fingers through the feathers on the hot, powdery-dry head, that seems to be the affliction of all parrot families of the world down to their most distant relatives. With her closed eyes and down bent head, the great pink breasted bird was ludicrously blissful, and suddenly Olive May's voice said:

"That cockatoo is approaching ecstacy."

"As I should be if I were receiving like treatment," remarked Belden, who stood in the doorway, hesitating before Daphne's pronounced preoccupation. Daphne raised startled eyes, then glanced at her gown as she tossed the unwilling scissors to the floor. But Belden quickly claimed all fault for calling so very early in the day. "Then Olive left them, on her way to the shops, for 'thricepence worth of nothing,'" as old Clutterbuck termed it. Belden led Daphne back to her chair and then sank on to a low, broad puff at her side.

The Great Bird.

His presence was so familiar there, she had long ceased to treat him as a stranger. To-day they were silent for a little, while Daphne listlessly stroked the feathers of the great bird, now perched on the arm of her chair. Belden, who was not fond of Scissors, because he believed all hook-beaked birds treacherous, took from a pocket a long lead pencil and silently held it before the cockatoo, who solemnly extended one claw and accepted the bit of wood, gravely inspecting it first with one eye, then with the other, and finally holding it in her beak she descended backward from the chair and waddled over to the brass fender, where with crest erect she laughed and "kissed" and bobbed and bowed, and with sharp, clean cuts reduced the pencil to small chips, to her own satisfaction and that of the visitor, who preferred her room to her company.

(To Be Continued.)

What Sort of Nose Have You?

If the nose is sharp and turns downward it indicates keen business ability and a tendency to be both miserly and sharp-tongued.

A long, straight nose shows a tranquil, reserved nature; and a short nose a propensity to quarrel, combined with an inborn love of a good time.

The nose that is too deeply indented at the root shows a lack of courage and decision, while a nose sloping directly out from the forehead, with no such mark between the eyes, indicates a strong sense of power.

Let such a nose show a slight indentation, however, and it will be a capable, self-reliant sort of a girl, who does everything well and makes no fuss about it.

—From the London Sketch.

Betty Vincents' Advice on Courtship and Marriage.

Tell Her of Your Love.

Dear Betty: I AM deeply in love with a girl who is my junior by a few months. That she loves me I do not know, but would like to find out. Do you think it would be proper to express my sentiments openly and tell her the truth? X. Y. Z.

Love Making by Mail.

Dear Betty: I AM in business in New York and in very comfortable circumstances. Several years ago while visiting in another State I met a young man who showed me marked attention. We corresponded. A year ago I again visited in the same State and accepted an invitation from his folks to spend a week with them. I did so and was delightfully entertained by him and all his folks. He has been devoted since then. His letters are very affectionate (more so than mine, as I do not care to give my heart before it is asked), but he has never really committed himself. I am very fond of this young man and I believe he loves me, and think that the only reason he does not ask me to become engaged to him is because he is not in a position to establish a home anything like what we are both accus-

tomed to. I would not mind waiting a year or so if things were only definitely settled, and I am sure that my love would greatly help and encourage him, but I see no way of bringing things about as I would like them through correspondence. Can you help me? C. C. C.

Can you not visit your relatives again and while there let the young man know in some way that you approve of long engagements? He will probably take the hint. If you are not able to go there, cannot your family invite the young man to visit you for over Sunday or longer? It is hard successfully to conduct a courtship by mail, and I think if you could see each other matters would be settled as you desire.

How to Meet Her.

Dear Betty: HOLD a good position as bookkeeper in a downtown dry-goods house. On my way to and from work I meet a young lady whose acquaintance I would like to make. Is there any way by which I may gain the necessary introduction? I have no friend who could introduce me. A. H. C.

Could you not manage to meet some man who knows her through business, and through him gain an introduction? You cannot meet her except through some mutual acquaintance.

How to Look Slim.

If you wish to look slim do not dress in white or light-colored clothes. Stripes are more becoming than spots or checks, but narrow checks may be worn.

Short skirts are becoming, but flowing draperies, on the other hand, give grace.

A long central line of trimming from throat to hem adds a certain height; so does a single flounce at the bottom of a skirt.

Many girls should be warned. A light-fitting gown is never becoming to a stout figure. Wear something which has a softening effect, and it will be far more becoming if one is inclined to be stout.

If You Suddenly Miss Your High Hat or Derby, Do Not Get Alarmed---Your Wife May Have Converted It Into a Thing of Beauty

